THE OLD HAND-PRESS.

Battered and shattered. With ink all bespattered. at still with the strength to annoy and Loved by the e'i'or.

Rumbling and stumb ing-the old hand Gone are great editors.

Cursed by the creditor.

Patient. meek creditors. Bince the far day when it first saw th light: Age has but lengthened it,\* Riveted, strengthened it-Made it a victor in many a fight.

Stars from their setting fail: Men die forgetting all: Suns-they may vanish and light may But till Gabriel's horn shall blow. Ages unborn shall know That it's still in the business-the old

hand-press -Atlanta Constitution.

### THE TOLL BAR.

and at the hour of midnight Simon Groves the gouty toll-keeper of Gwyndie, sat asleep in his old oak chair. His knitted nightcap of Welsh wool had been preceded by another kind of nigheap in the shape of a hot glass of spiced ale and his consequent slumber was heavy enough when he was awoke by a piercing cry of "Gate!" "Gate!" Bolt and bar being withdrawn, Simon stor under the starlit sky. ready to ake the toll, and pass the stranger on his way; but to his astonishment, no wheel nor heel was there. Nothing but the plaintive 'too-whit. too-who. ' of the brown owl in the distant woods was to be heard. He swung | Elsie was dead. the lantern high he swung it low, he looked up the hill and peered into the road; no one was there. His landlord's gig had passed that way at ten that evening, and there the track lay un-

disturbed in its frosty covering. "Gate! Gate!" again rang out in the frosty night air, and Simon instantly threw down his pen not without some hope that it was the summons of some jolly after-dinner old gentleman. who would laugh at the joke and toss him half-a-crown.

Again Simon appeared in his covered doorway, lantern in hand, but there was no mortal there, nor tire nor wheel of mortal make. He swung the lantern high; he peered up the road and down the road; he stooped down, and again found the rime frost still undisturbed in the ruts. Whose voice was like unto that cry of 'Gate! Gate!" Surely he had heard it before somewhere! Could it be that of his darling niece. Elsie, the golden-haired lass of fourteen summers, whose playful delight when on a visit four years before had been to come to the front of the toll-house and cry 'Gate! gate!" followed by ringing laughter when her old uncle made his appearance in answer to her false alarm' Yes. The clear shrill cry he had heard that night resembled the voice of Elsie-poor Elsie!

Richard Grimestone had wooed and won her against the wishes of her ard suddenly became aware that be-Uncle Simon, who disliked the reputation for gallantry that Richard had obtained very quickly after his return from a visit to London. Elsie's trusting nature, however, would believe no shut he would be smashed to atoms ill of her lover, and when the bridal before he could pull the mare up. He day arrived, and she noticed the many | pulled hard on the reins, out in vain whisperings amongst the bystanders. she put them down to envy at her with all his might . Gate!" Si-

the village.

himself on pretended calls of business and he rubbed his eyes and listened. to the market towns and when her Again, 'Gate! Gate!" was called in paled cheeks and ill-health betrayed a maddened tone, and then the sound an approaching motherhood. Richard's of a thousand splinters, curses and behavior tilled her sinking heart with groans. Simon opened his door as apprehension. He said he nated a pale face or a puling girl; he liked a in fragments, a plunging herse and a rosy cheek and a nut-brown maid-a dead man. Elsie was avenged on her fact which Eisle had more and more reason to realize as rumors reached her ears of Richard's squandering his money on a blacksmith's daughter of evil reputation.

Elsie like many others of her sex upbraided her husband on his desertion of her at such an approaching crisis, he resented the accusation with a curse, and with a blow from his fist that felled Elsie senseless to the floor.

When she recovered she was alone He had le't her without a friend or a servant in the house, and as she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs dying away in the distance her brain reeled

and she became delirious. Simon sat in his chair till daylight. strangely agitated with fears for his niece's safety. At eight o'clock he made up a basket of brown bread and hand he went down, the road to the cottage of an army pensioner who unclean animal. cultivated a small potato patch. Old charge of the gate until Simon reurned and shortly after Simon ob-

ading up to the farm. "No good going on here, I see: ere are fences down gaps in the edges gates hauging by one hinge." Il had signs of bad 'farming," and mon went round to the back door. thich he found open. Some ducks ad invaded the stone passage and ully quacked at the intruder. All mon looked in the kitchen. It was noty and with no fire even in party."—Texas Siftings. om that was called the parlor. e blind was yet drawn down from privats night-no one was there; me tiny pieces a' needlework unfinred lay on the table. He called out dsie! Elsie!" No reply came but cche of his voice down glad am Oi to see it. erted corridor. He mount-

at room be saw a

lips! Good God, what villainy has been here" cried Simon in his bitter wrath, and he tenderly raised the darling head; then parting the golden locks aside he kissed the forehead. which was white as alabaster. She still breathed, so he laid her on the bed, and then hastily retreated to the kitchen and made a fire with the fagots, and, discovering the teacaddy. made her a hot and strong bowl of tea. To this he added some brandy from his own flask, and after such coaxing and soothing as a nurse employs to a sick child, he made her swallow the refreshing draught. He was rewarded by seeing a flush passing over her cheek, after which a deep sigh choked her utterance for a while. Yet a few moments and her eyes slowly opened, and Simon, dear Uncle Simon, kissed them.

"Sleep a bit, my poor dear; I knowed you was ill, I'm come to see you comfortably treated."

She put out her hand as if to feel that her visitor was a reality and no phantom come to mock her and Simon In the month of November, 17-, took her hand and rubbed it softly and cried and cooed over her by turns.

"You shall come away with your uncle. Elsie, and make an old fool of him again, if you like. Don't ye mind

crying 'Gate! gate!'" Elsie gathered up her senses and slowly sat up, pressing her forehead with both hands. " Gate! gate! Yes. I did cry Gate! gate! And is it really my dear old Uncle Simon? The Lord be thanked you are come to comfort me in my misery! Kiss me, uncle, once again," and she smiled. 'Gate! gate" she murmured softly and falling back on the pillow, a thin stream of crimson welled from her lips, and

The Gate was opened! November came round again, and the wild winds made eerie music around the old toll-house. Poor Simon grew melancholy in his lonely position, and grieved over the sad end of Elsie, for whom he had fondly hoped a happy and joyous career. The cattle fair, with its business and pleasures, at Cardiff, had attracted all the Welsh farmers, and Kate, the blacksmith's daughter, who had married Richard within a twelve-month of Elsie's death, had persuaded Richard to sell what small stock of cattle they had, with a view to giving up farming altogether. He only too gladly accepted the idea. and sent off his cattle to the market to fetch what they would, while he followed them a few days afterward in a gig. But the cattle sold for a "song." and he became infuriated with himself and all mankind. Returning homeward with a small remainder of the purchase money, he drove down the hill where stood the old toll-gate, in a reckless manner, which his black mare did not understand and which she resented by tossing her head and breaking into a fast trot. Richard cursed her and flicked her over the ears with his whip. The mare sprang forward with a jerk that nearly threw the driver from his seat. Down down the steep hill she rushed, the gig swaying from side to side, when Richyond the next curve of the road was the toll-gate, that was always shut at night time, and now it was near midnight. Good heavens! If it were He neared the gate, and cried out carrying off the handsomest man of mon, as usual slumbered at his fireside, but in the stillness of the night Her husband very soon absented his trained ears caught the summons.

> murderer. The gate was shut!-Spare Mo-

# The American Joice.

"America." said Darweesh to one could break but not beng; and, having of the ladies, must be a fac place and very much like Egypt. You have corn, tobacco, watermellons and a big river there.

"And crocodiles, too," she replied. "Wallah!" he cried in admiration; then, with a slight touch of jealousy that these blessings should be scatter ed broadcast, he added: "Do they eat men?"

"No. only dogs," she admitted "Ah!" he recurned, exulting in the superior gastronomic taste of the

Egyptian saurian, "ours eat men!" "Of course yours will not eat dogs: they are Moslem crocodiles," fresh eggs, and taking a stout stick in answered, referring to the Mohammedans' avoidance of the dog as an

As one of the most lovable charac-Miles was easily persuaded to take teristics of the Arab is his instant and intense appreciation of the feeblest joke, says a writer in Scribained a lift in the post-cart going to ner's. Darwersh seemed much amused langollen. This vehicle passed and repeated with many chuckles. car Grimestone's farm, and by one | Ours are Moslem crocodiles," as he clock Simon was crossing the stile | went about his daily work.

# They Understand the Game.

·Here, boys, stop that fighting." "We ain't fighting, mister; we're playing potities.

What do you mean, then, by scratching each other, and pulling hair and kicking each other's shins?" "Oh, you see, him an' me is on one se was silent, and with bated breath side, an' we're lettin' the other boys see how much harmony there is in the

### What Streets Are Paved For. Tax-Payer-That's a very firm and solid piece of paving you're doing there Patrick.

City Employee-Indade an' it's foine pace of worruk; and moighty "Why, does it make any difference

stairs and, pearing into with you Patrick?" "Indade, and it does; it will give us stain fowing from its ton Courier. on the floor, with dooble the job a pullin' it up."-Bos-

PHTHISIS AND PURE AIR. Nature's Remodles Are the Best for Pal-

I have heard it stated that pearly or quite all the nuns die of consumption, says a writer in the St. Louis Magazine. Whether this is true I cannot say, but it is a well-known fact that very many of them fall a prey to this disease. It is also well known that the inmates of jails and prisons, many of them, die in the same way. I think it is true, as a popular writer and physician has remarked, that impure air is a prime factor in the development of tuburculosis. To tell the truth, people seem to avoid pure outdoor air as if it were poisonous. They take the greatest pains to shut it out of their dwellings, public halls, rious and beautiful country. churches, schools, places of business, street cars, railway carriages, theaters and other buildings public or private. So that wherever we go or stay. the same thing is to be met-foul air.

We speak of the savages as filthy. wanting in habits of neatness and cleanliness. But I sometimes think that the great difference in this respect between ourselves and these people is that their filth is mostly on the outside, on the exterior of their bodies; whereas, we take our impurities directly into the lungs and from there into the circulation. We are careful not to drink from a cup that has touched the lips of a child with a dirty face; but we do not hesitate to breathe into the lungs air that is freighted with foul human excretion. the debris of the vital organism; moreover, these organisms are often steeped in tobacco, whisky and other noxious substances. Worse yet, we live in an atmosphere that has been breathed over and over again, not only by ourselves but by persons, it may be, whose bodies are one mass of

disease and corruption. Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in speaking of the habits of the so-called civilized people, says that he thinks it impossible for any one to escape the catarrhal and consumptive diseases, at least wholly, while we have to circulate among people with their present habits, visit libraries or lecture halls, or travel in public vehicles, where the subject of ventilation is so thoroughly ignored. Though he is aware of the fact that these diseases can be eradicated, often at an advanced stage, by a persistent application of fresh air and sunshine, he condemns in unmeasured terms what he styles the 'night air horror," and he recommends an abundance of the pure article every hour of the twenty-four.

The German people are in advance of us in some things. At some of their health resorts they have tried the plan of having the consumptive patient sleep all night in the open air and in the pine woods, where the atmosphere is usually dry. The experiment is said to have been a success. The patients slept better than they had been able to do in their rooms. and the sleep itself seemed more refreshing. Really, if we only knew it. nature's healing agents are all about us-fresh air, sunshine, electricity, pure water, and other healthful agencies and influences.

many years' experience with the beg- as well as vigorous. In the Sakalava gars of New York and has known expedition, out of tens of thousands y all of the famous \$15 a day. He has known men who two thousand could be actually laid What is the best game you know of?" I asked him.

"Well. I think blind men make the most money, as a rule, particularly if quickly as he could, to find a vehicle they are old men. What is the best location for beg-

gars in the city?' ..Wherever there are women. It is quite a fad for the Fifth avenue ladies to keep up the supply of forced labor. step up daintily and drop a few pennies in the hand of a begger. People have no idea of the amount of money that is squandered every year in perpetuat-

"If we had the money that is given each year in maintaining this race of parasites we could rid New York of professional beggars."-New York

ing these paupers.

Mrs. Out-of-town (to near neighbor): "Such trouble I've had to-day; I'm nearly dead." Neighbor: "Dear me! What's happened?

·My husband's watch stopped last

night. I don't see why that-"

"No neither could we. It never stopped before, and we did'nt know it stopped at seven o'clock last evening, and so I set the clock by it, and that was wrong, and my husband missed the train to town and the children were late to school."

"Not pleasant, of course; but-" Oh, but I haven't told you all. You see, my husband, after missing his regular train, concluded to take a day off and mend all the furniture."

'1 see " .Yes. He's got everything in the house apart and can't get them together again."

Various Names for Corn Bread. Corn bread has various names in different localities. The general name of the article is Indian bread. In Delaware griddle cakes made of Indian meal are called corn cakes. In Maryland they are called cookies. Pone is the name for Indian bread an inch or more in thickness and baked to a crisp crust top and bottom. In parts of New England corn meal, baked into a thick. crisp cake, is called Indian bannock. The Puritans, it is supposed, learned the art of making that bread from the Bennock Indians.

co is the largest one of its kind in the world.

MADAGASCAR SLAVERY.

FANAMPOANA. A GIGANTIC. HYDRA-HEADED EVIL.

Woven in the Life of the People It Can Not Be Dislo |ged\_Hor. rible Conditions Attendant on This System.

Not only is slavery universal throughout Madagascar, says the San Francisco Examiner, but also is there still more gigantic evil, and one which is still more surely crushing the manhood and stifling the life of that cu-

"Fanampoana," or forced labor, has a protean shape. It may be best un- tion. derstood by describing it as partaking of the nature of the corvee; it is also applied to conscription, to all kinds of government service; it is part of the feudal system, and it even sometimes takes the shape of a ·logging bec." It would be unjust to the astute old man who presides over the destinies of the people of that country if it were not stated that he has more than once considered a plan by which it might be modified and reformed. But the system is too deeply woven into the inner life of the nation to be dealt with except by a master hand, and then only with the assistance of outside and friendly financial support. For instance, it is one of the main characteristics of "fanampoana" that it supplies the place of the payment of officials throughout the island.

In fact, in all Madagascar no secre tary, cierk, artisan soldier or civilian serving the government in whatever capacity (with the exception of a trifling percentage received by some of the governors of districts) is paid or even fed by the state. . The queen honors them by employing them," so the official cophuemism runs, and they must feed and clothe themselves. But when lovalty takes the shapes as is constantly the case, of carrying vast weights of wood, Iron or stone on raw and bleeding shoulders along goat tracks (for roads there are none), through swamps and forests, up and down hills 5,000 feet high, then the additional stimulus of shackles and legirons is needed to persuade the poor captured peasant that on the whole he had better accept the .. honors," half starved though he must be. If he runs away he brings punishment on his family and becomes a fugitive and a bushranger; the numerous robber bands are mainly recruited from such runaways. Hundreds of instances could be cited, especially within the last twelve months, to show that this tyranny is becoming more and

more unsupportable. In the first place all the land in Madaga car, with comparatively few exceptions belongs nominally to the queen, but actually to the government. At the present moment and for many years past the government is and has been completely centered in and despotically ruled by the prime minister, Rainilaiarivorny, who, besides his original wife, has married Robert W. Heobard of the Charity Fortunately for himself and his family organization society, who has had his rule has on the whole, been wise of peasants who were summoned as. ally, says that an industrious beggar sembled and even partially drilled will frequently make as much as \$10 throughout the country, only about have been begging for some time to hold of, and a few months of fever and have fortunes of \$10,000 and \$15,000. numerous desertions quickly reduced this number. Similarly in the alluvial gold fields, which are being worked by forced labor upon the enormous nominal royalty of 55 per cent to the government (45 per cent is divided among the foreign shareholders, directors and superintendents) immense exertions have to be constantly made to Thus it comes about that this most important branch of the national wealth is not developed. Here as

elsewhere serfdom spells poverty. Again, in the case of craftsmen and artificers, Madagascar possesses and could produce plenty of men whose talent would compare favorably with that of almost any people in the world. But the moment they show proficiency in their art, they are "Inampouned." that is, they are honored by being employed by the government or by some powerful official, without wage and without food. A clever craftsman, from whom you buy a work of art, in whatever metal. begs you not to say from whom you purchased it solely for fear of the 'honor" which would be in store for him. So if you want a good tinsmith. was stopped this morning, because, it carpenter, or jeweler, you must not search for him among the tradesmen of his own craft; but the clever jeweler so on, in an amusing "bo-peep" of tery.

industry. The queen honors "Raini-be" or "Bootoo" by taking him away from his rice fields just at the season when his labor and supervision are most required for his crop. So the unfortunate "freeman." who is not allowed to send his slave as his substitutemark the grandeur of the distinction conferred upon him-is remorselessly bled, even to his penultimate dollar if recently saw a woman on the line in he desires to procure exemption from front of the engine. She was paralyzed the honor.

# Caught a Fly.

Of the father of the present king of Bavaria it is related that one day. when two of his cabinet ministers called upon him with the draft of a new law for which they required his approval and signature, they found him seated in his arm-chair, with an open book on his knees. After reading the statute to his majesty the ministers stood for a long time silently waiting for an answer. At length, when their patience was nearly exhausted, the king suddenly closed his book with a bang, and exclaimed,

with a look of unutterable triumph: "I have got him! I have got him!" He had caught and crushed a fly .-Argonaut

### WATERING A HORSE.

He Cin Live a Long Time Without Foot but Must Have Denk.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water, seventeen days without either eating or drinking and only five days when eating solid food without drinking. An idea prevails among horsemen that a horse should never be watered oftener than three times a day or in wenty-four hours. This is not only a mistaken idea but a brutal practice. A horse's stomach is extremely sensitive and will suffer under the least interference, causing a feverish condi-

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it for hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink until supper time-very unsatisfactory for the man.

If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them water them as often as they want to drink-once an hour, if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work; they will be healthier; they will look better and will be less liable to coughs and colds and will live longer,

A horse is a great deal like a man. Let him get overworked, overstarved or abused, and particularly for the want of sufficient drink in warm weather, and the consequences will always be injurious. Sensible hostlers in large cities are awakening to the advantage of frequent watering. Street-car horses are watered every hour, and sometimes oftener, while they are at work. It is plenty of water that supplies evaporation or perspiration and keeps down the temperature.

Twenty years ago a person having a fever of any kind of pneumonia was allowed but little water to drink, and then it had to be tepid. To-day practitioners prescribe all the iced water the patient can possibly drink, and in addition cold bandages are applied to reduce and control the temperature of the blood. What is applicable to man will never hurt a horse. Use common sense and human feeling.

Don't think it is a horse and capable of enduring any and all things. A driver who sits in his wagon and lashes his worn-out, half-curried, halffed and half-watered team should never complain of any abuse he may receive from his master or employer, for he is lower in character, harder in sympathy and less noble than the brutes he is driving, and deserves, in the name of all that is human the same punishment as a criminal.

## A Physiognom'st.

Oh!" exclaimed Miss Bondelipper. what a clever man Mr. Gilbooly is! He is really quite a physiognomist. I was telling him last evening that I had become quite proficient in painting, and he said:

I am sure of it, madame; your face shows it.

Chorus - "Indeed." - Texas Siftings.

Amy-"I don't see how this woman the papers speak about can be prosecuted for ' Mable-'She had three husbands all at once, d'dn't she!" Amy-'Yes, but they were all dudes-not a man among them."-Epoch.

The New Rector-"I find the work in this parish very interesting indeed." Miss A ... 'I should think you might there are ten unmarried girls to every man in the

"Delicious fresh air: wonderful invigorating fresh air. You never breathed such air in Massachusetts' writes an enthusiastic young pioneer who has gone to seek his fortune in the Far West. His father replies: "Dear Boy: You can't live on fresh air. I inclose my check for \$100, contribution to your fresh air fund."-Boston Transcript.

A boy who wasn't much bigger than the top ear on a cornstalk after a dry summer was standing on the corner of Canal and Houston street puffing away at a cigar in the most vigorous manner, when a motherly old lady stopped and placed her hand on his head and exclaimed: "Mercy on me! but havn't you a mother!" "I has, mum," he courteously replied, and if you hain't I'll lend her to you all summer and not charge a cent!"-New

# UNIQUE INCIDENTS.

There were 7,500 pennies found in a 'drop-a-cent-in-the-slot' chocolate stand at Atlantic City.

Tacoma, Wash, has a well 100 feet deep from which the wind blows continu-As there is fifty feet of water in is found among the washermen and the well the source of the wind is a mys-

> Biddeford," a Maine newspaper reports, "has a blind man - Darius Perkins by name-who can kill a rat or mouse with his cane as quickly as a cat could attend to the job."

Miss Hattie M. Kimball, who has been lected president of the Pennsboro & Hainesville railroad, is probably the only woman in the country who is at the head of a steam railway.

The driver of a steam tram car in Paris with fear, and apparently unable move. It being impossible to stop head-way in time to save her life the engineer crawled along the side of his engine in the hope of being able to snatch the woman up away from death. He missed his footing and falling both were ground to

At Mobile lately a mother was standing on the gallery of her house with her baby, when the latter fell over the edge. The distance to the ground is twenty feet, but the mother, without an instant's besitation, sprang after the baby, and both fell to the ground at almost the same instant. The baby, striking the mother's body, escaped with only a few bruises, but the mother had her hip dislocated. Otherwise she was not injured.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Things That Worn Bidly Mixed Up in Their Saying. Many persons have said in mistake

precisely the reverse of what was in their thoughts, says Cassell'a Journal. A workingman called on a country clergyman closely related to a ducal house. The applicant wanted a letter of recommendation to a neighboring nobleman, from whom he hoped to obtain employment. Why not go personally and see my lord?" the friend asked. "Well, you see," was the nervous answer. I do not like speaking to Lord X-; he may be proud, and not care to listen to the likes of me. It would be quite a different thing if it were yourself, for there's nothing of the gentleman in you."

Mr. Bancroft has related that dur-

ing a holiday jaunt in Switzerland Sir Paul Hunter was lost. But news flies apace and gathers as it goes. It was soon said that guides were away up the mountain to find a missing man. Somebody had seen or heard signals of distress. Lady Hunter, safe in the hotel, began to tremble for her husband. But his predicament was not so desperate after all. He was discovered and given the necessary help and guidance in his descent. At dusk he re-entered the Alpine hamlet alone, as if nothing had happened. Wishing to avoid notice and curious questioning, he had sent his guides to their own haunts. But as he passed up through a little waiting English crowd Lady Hunter darted to meet him. ·Oh, Paul," she cried, 'I am so glad to see you back? Where have you been? Some silly man has lost himself in one of the mountains and I feared it might be you." Considerate, kindly, but not quite-in its literal construction-a compliment

Some comical slips of the tongue are due to doubtful or insufficient information. There may be lack of important knowledge about the person addressed. Victor Hugo once met a garrulous notary who talked with him on literary subjects. The lawyer belonged to the provinces, and he asked if his companion had heard anything before he left Paris about Hernani." one of Hugo's own plays. Hugo admitted that he had heard it mentioned. 'It is a miserably stupid piece." "Very likely." said the poet. The author must be an abominable person. One of my friends saw him in the street not long ago, and in such a state. The wretched creature is nearly always drunk." The two passed into the same hotel, and what why the consternation of the man with the libelous tongue when Hugo wrote his name in the arrival register beneath his traducer's eye.

# 'TIS THE GARB OF HEROES.

The Scottish Kilt Good for All Weathers and All Occasions.

The act forbidding the wearing of the Highland dress only increased the attachment to it, and the poets became more enthusiastic in its praise, says the Scottish Review. The most famous song of this kind is McDonald's "Am Breacan Uallach." in which he scorns the "English cloth" that other bards had extolled when on the persons of their chiefs. The kilt is the "hero's garb," 'the soldier's true dress," 'the real garb for a pursuit, for putting swiftness in the legs." It is the best for the chase or for going to the church for lying down or getting up. for protection from the weather for showing off shield and sword and keeping the gun dry-in fact, for everything. A more humorous production on the same subject is one by Iain MacCodrum. 'Curses on the king," he says, that took the plaid from us. You gave us the from us. \* \* breeks, you fettered our hips; I would rather have the loose plaid, the light, active garment. It's a bad wear for night: I can't stretch my legs, I can't get any sleep; better were the ten yards I would put in the kilt when I rise in the morning; that's the comely raiment to keep off wind and rain. The curse of the two worlds on the man that put it out. . . . never saw a mother's son, on street or field, that is more active than a son of the Gael, with his comely person. The plaid above the kilt, his pistols in order that will not fail the spark, a shield upon his shoulder and a slender sword beneath his arm; there is not a lowlander in the world that would not fade away at the sight of him. When the Gael gather for the oattle, with their sharp Spanish blades and the gleaming of helmets, they will pay dearly in blood and gore and the day of Culloden will be avenged. \* The MacDonalds, the tailors of the red cloth, not to sew it, but to rend it with their sharp-shearing blades, cutting ears and skulls."

# An Orange Peeler.

A remarkably ingenious and simple orange and lemon peeler has been invented by which it is claimed that 1,000 oranges may be peeled without soiling finger or glove or losing a drop of juice. The peeler is a piece of wire, nickle-plated, very much in the shape of a button hook, but with a tiny blade let into the inner bend of the hook. When the point of the hock is drawn into the fruit it slides between the pulp and the peel without danger of entering either, while the blade divides the peel easily and rapidly. after which it may be removed without trouble.

# Found His Level.

Old Friend-"Well, old boy, how have you been getting along? Did you succeed as a novelist?"

Mr. Soarhigh-"No, the publishers said my imagination was too livelyplots lacked probability, you know—so I had to give it up; but I'm doing first rate.

What at?" Writing railroad advertisements." -New York Weekly.

Thepos tic element lying hidden in most women is the source of their magnetic at-